

NOT ALWAYS HELL  
by Stephen J. Rogers

Recollections of World War II  
from Casablanca to Berchtesgaden  
1942 - 1945

*"It is required of man that he should  
share the passion and action of his  
time at the peril of being judged  
not to have lived."  
-Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes*

Battle Stars earned by the Third Infantry Division for campaigns  
during World War II -

- Algeria - French Morocco
- Rome – Arno
- Tunisia
- Southern France
- Sicily
- Rhineland
- Naples - Foggia
- Ardennes – Alsace
- Anzio
- Central Europe

November 10, 1993

## Prelude

Sons always ask their fathers about the wars they've been in. It's in the genes, I guess. Most of us don't give very good answers. We're glad to get home, sad that we lost comrades we cared about, eager to get on with our lives.

At reunions, we tell funny stories about incidents we shared, blocking memories we choose to forget - as if there had been no fear, no suffering, no death. This is my remembrance of World War II, written in response to my sons' request to tell them what it was like for their dad to serve with the Third Infantry Division from the landings in North Africa to the capture of Hitler's house in Berchtesgaden. It is also written for our daughter and her family, who are just as curious about the adventures of "Pom-Pom".

This is not the story of a man who fought in combat, but of one who witnessed it. As a staff officer, I never fired a shot at the enemy, although I was wounded at the Anzio beachhead. My deepest respect goes to the officers and men who were in the front lines - they knew what hell was like.

Studs Terkel called it "The Good War", and he was right. The Nazis were led by a madman. The Japanese pulled off the dirtiest sneak attack since the Greeks gave a wooden horse to the city of Troy. Western civilization, as we knew it, was truly at risk. The great voice of Winston Churchill rallied us to the cause of freedom and President Roosevelt had the courage, against strong opposition, to respond.

After four long years of suffering, the Allies won. The United Nations was born in San Francisco, endowed with a noble charter. The Marshall Plan revived a ravaged Europe. I had the great privilege of hearing General Marshall propose the plan at my Harvard commencement exercises in 1947. Japan became the beneficiary of a benign U.S. foreign policy, with unpredictable results at the time. Many years after the war, while on a business trip to Europe, a German told me that sometimes it is better to lose a war than to win one. That all depends on who wins.

After almost fifty years, I will do my best to recall key events as they occurred. Serving with the Third Infantry Division was the greatest adventure of my life, and I am proud to have been a part of it. The Division had the greatest number of battle casualties of any U.S. Division in World War II. It had 31 Congressional Medal of Honor winners. It was considered by Kesselring, the great German General to have been one of his most formidable foes.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "R. J. Rogers". The signature is written in a cursive, flowing style with a long, sweeping tail.

## The Beginning

It began for me on February 19, 1941, per Special Order No 42, Headquarters, First Military Area, Presidio of San Francisco, California:

"3. By direction of the President and under authority contained in Public Resolution No. 96, 76th Congress, approved August 27, 1940, 2nd. Lt. Stephen J. Rogers, 0-360712, Inf. Res... is ordered to active duty with the Regular Army for a period of one year, effective March 5, 1941. On that date, he will proceed without delay to the Commanding Officer, 30th Infantry, for duty with the Third Division."

It was not unexpected. I had been appointed a reserve officer in 1937, after four years of R.O.T.C. at the University of California. From 1938 to 1940 I worked for Castle and Cooke, Ltd. in Honolulu. During those carefree bachelor days, it became increasingly clear that war was inevitable. I vividly remember a young Jewish architect and his wife, refugees from Vienna, who came over to our Waikiki cottage one night in September, 1939 to listen to a shortwave radio broadcast of Hitler addressing the German Reichstag. After his ranting and raving subsided, the architect turned to me and said "The second world war has just started - in Poland. You will be in it soon enough." I remember the shiver that went up my spine. In 1940, I returned to San Francisco, knowing that I would soon be called to active duty. That summer I worked at Yosemite National Park, and in the fall, sharing an apartment with my dad, I took a job as Assistant Publicity Manager for the St. Francis Hotel as the war clouds continued to gather.

At the time, a lot of anti-war propaganda was being released by the "America Firsters", a group that wanted to keep the U.S. out of the war. Charles Lindbergh was opposed to entry, as were many prominent business leaders. It seemed to me that the loudest objectors were those who had money and power, afraid they might lose both if they sided with Britain and her allies. I don't remember much about Japan except talk of a peaceful resolution of differences between our two countries, to be dispelled a year later at Pearl Harbor. The newspapers and newsreels featured atrocity stories of Japan's invasion of China and Southeast Asia, but it seemed a remote issue at the time.

Buying an officer's uniform, I reported for duty at the 30<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regimental Headquarters as ordered. Assigned to Company E as a platoon leader, I was taken out to the parade ground by the Executive Officer who led me to the third platoon, standing in formation. He told the platoon sergeant that I was taking over command. As the sergeant was giving me a snappy salute, I was extending my arm to shake his hand. Somehow, I managed to return his salute, but boy, was I embarrassed. You must remember that I had not had any parade ground drill since 1937. What a way to take command of a regular army infantry platoon!

The 30th Infantry Regiment had a proud history, known as the "Rock of the Marne" for its heroic stand against the Germans in World War I. It was commanded by West Pointers in the senior grades. Reserve officers were being assigned to junior grades. Most of the Non-coms were regular army, but draftees were rapidly filling the ranks. The First Sergeant of E Co. was a gruff old bird with a gravelly voice, but he took greenhorns like me under his wing and helped us learn the ropes. The C.O. was a West Pointer and a General's son. He had little use for reserve officers. One day he was gone, promoted out of the regiment, to my great relief. In June, I was promoted to 1st Lieutenant.

For seven months, I commanded the third platoon on maneuvers at Fort Ord and Jolon Military Reservation in California and at Fort Lewis, Washington, which I remember best for the torrential rains we always seemed to get when we were in the field out on the Olympic Peninsula. One time, when I

had fallen asleep during a break in the war games, leaning against a tree, I woke to find that one of the men had placed his poncho over me as protection from the downpour. At Jolon, in the heat of a combat exercise, an old officer from the regiment's China days came up behind me while I was crouched behind a shrub, trying to direct my squads toward the platoon objective. He tapped me on the shoulder with his swagger stick and said "What are you doing behind that shrub, Lieutenant? Get up in front of your men and lead them to your objective. The penalty of leadership is death!"

A very sobering thought! Out of the blue, on October 1, 1941, I was transferred to regimental headquarters as Assistant Personnel Officer. I never was told why, but it may have had something to do with a conversation I had had with a Presidio staff officer shortly after I reported in for active duty, expressing my interest in personnel administration. In any event, it was fortuitous. Rifle company platoon leaders have an extremely low survival rate. Years later, in reading General Lucien K. Truscott's memoirs (He was our Division Commander in Sicily and much of the Italian mainland) I learned that infantry suffered battle casualties at seven times the rate of other elements.

When the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, the regiment was at Fort Lewis. I was visiting my cousin, Jane Mathews, and her parents in Seattle, wearing a brand new civilian suit not even paid for. It was the last time I wore a civilian suit until after the war. When the radio blasted out the terrible news, all officers and men were ordered to report to their posts immediately. The regiment was placed on guard duty along the Pacific coast and alerted for possible deployment to the Far East. Unmarried lieutenants were placed on standby for shipment to the Philippines, me included.

But the War Department had other plans. In May, 1942 we moved to Fort Ord for amphibious training, which continued with the Marines at La Jolla. At that time the regiment was assigned to Colonel Arthur H. Rogers (no relative), who had extensive experience in amphibious operations. I dated his daughter, Pat, at various functions... a lovely girl and a very good dancer. Suddenly, the regiment was shipped by rail to Camp Pickett, Virginia, to prepare for an amphibious landing in Africa. Rumor had it that we were going to Dakar.

## Africa

We set sail from Newport News, Virginia, on October 23, 1942 under blackout conditions. I was on the Hugh L. Scott, an old army transport. When boarding the ship at midnight, I was handed a large sealed manila envelope marked "Top Secret" and told not to open it until we were underway. Now Regimental Personnel Officer and a Captain, my duties were to assist the Adjutant at the command post after the landing, and to facilitate the collection and forwarding of battle casualty reports back to the States, where my personnel section remained pending availability of transportation.

Long after midnight, sitting on my bunk in the small cabin I had been assigned, I heard the vibration of the ship's propellers and knew that we were moving out to sea. I opened the envelope to find a copy of the battle order, a map showing the amphibious landing site, a small American flag armband to be worn during the landing, and a briefing paper on where we were going ... not Dakar, but Fedala Bay, near Casablanca, French Morocco, far to the north. We would be at sea 15 days.

I read the battle plan rapidly. The regiment was to make the landing at night along the beach, capture Fort Blondin, a coast artillery site, move inland, cutting the main highway between Casablanca and Rabat, and protect the left flank of the Division as it wheeled south to capture the large port city. We were part of the Western Task Force, under the command of Major General George S. Patton, Jr. D-Day was November 8, 1942. Other Allied troops would land at Oran and Algiers, on the Mediterranean Sea. The whole operation was under the command of General Dwight D. Eisenhower. It was a gigantic undertaking, the beginning of the Allied attack against the Axis. Churchill called it "Not the beginning of the end, but the end of the beginning."

The USS Hugh L. Scott was the alternate command ship for the Regimental Task Force, under the command of the Executive Officer, Lt. Colonel Lionel C. McGarr. During the long days at sea, there were constant reviews of the mission of each unit. The men rotated top-side for drills each day, glad to get out of the stinking holds for a breath of fresh air. They learned about a new combat weapon nobody had seen before. It was called a bazooka and looked like a long tube. It fired a stubby rocket that could punch a hole in a tank. We all knew about German Panzer Divisions; the bazooka gave an infantry platoon a fighting chance.

The ships in the convoy did not belch black smoke in daylight. At night, strict blackout prevailed. We were never attacked by submarines during the crossing. The rumor about Dakar had been a ploy to lure German U-boats down to the southern coast of Africa. It worked. The convoy arrived off the coast of French Morocco shortly before midnight on November 7. H-hour (the landing time) was set at 0400. I remember the eerie silence as the ship's engines were shut down, and then the rattling noise of the anchor chains sliding off the hull into the sea.

There was a lot of milling about on top-side. Men shuffled to their debarking stations with full combat gear, lined up to climb down rope ladders to the small Higgins boats that would carry them to their sector of the beachhead. I watched L Company load into their boats as they rose to the bottom of the ladder by the swell of the sea. The men's faces were blackened for the night attack to be made north of Fort Blondin. I yelled "Good luck" to their captain as he climbed over the railing, headed into the unknown, grim-faced and silent.

Suddenly, bright flashes from cruisers and other Navy ships lit up the convoy, some five miles out to sea. Glowing red shells arched into the night sky, headed for unseen targets. I watched from the ship's railing until dawn broke and I could see the low, grey shoreline. The coast artillery guns at Fort Blondin

were soon silenced. Fighter-bombers from our aircraft carrier swept overhead in support of the infantry. Finally, by mid-morning I climbed over the ship's rail and down the rope ladder, jumping into our assigned Higgins boat. When everyone was safely on board, the Navy coxswain revved up the engine and we headed for shore, the prow of the craft high above the water. We landed on a section of the beach littered with debris from the assault wave. Some of the boats had struck underwater reefs. Some had been hit by gunfire. I saw no bodies. A guide showed us to the regimental command post, up off the beach in a small white farmhouse.

"Dig yourself a foxhole out in that field," Captain Saunders, the S-1, told me when I reported in. "We've been strafed by enemy planes." I found a spot, took my entrenching tool from my pack and started to dig. Just as I finished, someone yelled "air raid." I crawled into my shallow foxhole and looked up to see an old French bi-plane flying in low from the beach, strafing the field with machine gun fire. I heard the ping of a bullet hitting a rock nearby. That was my initiation into World War II. The plane banked over a hill and disappeared. No wonder the French lost to the Germans in 1940!

I still remember the bitter cold of that first night in my foxhole. The Quartermaster Corps had issued summer fatigue uniforms in the belief, I guess, that Africa was hot in November. Not where we were! The next morning, after some hot coffee and a K-ration at the farmhouse, the S-1 briefed me on the situation. Fort Blondin had fallen, with only a few casualties. The German Armistice Commission, fleeing northward from Casablanca, had been captured. Road blocks were in place, and all D-plus 1 objectives had been reached.

By the end of the day, all battalions were in position to protect the left flank of the Division as it prepared to attack Casablanca. French Ghoums (native Arab soldiers) managed to infiltrate our outposts, inflicting some casualties. In our innocence about real warfare, we had allowed Arab boys and men, in native dress, to pass through our lines, bumming cigarettes and candy. After the 3-day war ended, a French lieutenant showed us his hand-drawn map that plotted all our key positions, including the regimental command post. It was a great lesson to learn early!

During the early morning hours of November 11, while I was Duty Officer at the command post, the phone rang. It was a call from the Second Battalion. A car with its headlights on, flying a white flag, with someone blowing a bugle, had approached our roadblock on the road to Rabat. The car contained high-ranking French officers wanting to deliver a cease-fire message to the commander of the French forces in Casablanca. I woke up Colonel Rogers, who had them driven to the C.P. under guard. He called the Division Commander, who instructed him to take them to General Patton at the Miramar Hotel in Fedala. I watched the French officers arrive and depart our C.P., clearly anxious to reach Casablanca as soon as possible. They arrived just 2 hours before Patton was to issue the attack order. I was told that he was very pleased because it was his birthday and the anniversary of the World War I Armistice, which he considered to be a good omen.

While the Vichy Government of France was collaborating with the Nazis, many French officers and men were eager to serve with the Free French, under De Gaulle. The weak resistance we encountered was evidence of that fact. The tough fighting would come later.

The 30th Infantry Regimental Task Force suffered 11 dead and 52 wounded. I remember that one man received a Purple Heart for being shot in the rear end by a French Ghom sniper as he was taking a crap. "Thank God he missed," the soldier was alleged to have said.

We now entered an interlude phase, waiting for direction from the high command. All eyes were

focused on Tunisia, where Rommel and his Africa Corps were engaged with Allied forces, and where we expected to be deployed.

## Interlude in Arab Land

After the fighting for Casablanca ended, the Regimental C.P. moved from the farm house to "Villa Tranquillite," home of Prince Murat, a descendant of Napoleon's Marshall. It was a beautiful villa overlooking Fedala Bay, surrounded by orange groves, its white walls and red-tiled roof gleaming against an azure sky. The Prince, a portly man, was a gracious host, aided by his house guest, Madame Good, a lovely lady from Belgium, and a young man I believe to be his son.

One day they put on a native couscous dinner for the colonel and his staff officers. We sat out on the patio, on leather hassocks dyed in vibrant colors - reds, blues, and greens. Arabs, in loose-fitting native garments, served platters of roast lamb, couscous that you rolled up in one hand and tossed into your mouth, fruits, nuts, dates, and pitchers of red wine. An eye of the lamb, considered a great delicacy, was offered to Colonel Rogers. I think he declined. Ah, the good life! It was not to last.

On the 12th of November, at dusk, while looking out from the patio at ships unloading in the harbor, I saw two of them torpedoed. Huge spouts of water rose over their hulls, followed by the sound of booming explosions. The ships sank quickly, their bows pointing skyward. One was the *USS Hugh L. Scott*, carrying my foot-locker to the bottom of the bay. There were many casualties among the unloading crews, mostly from the burning oil on the surface of the water. Schools and other buildings in Fedala were used as emergency hospitals to take care of the injured. Our regimental chaplain spent the night comforting the men, returning the next day exhausted. Four ships were sunk in two days, possibly by German U-Boats that had come up from Dakar.

After things calmed down, I went into Casablanca to see the battered hulk of the *Jean Bart*, a battle cruiser and pride of the French navy, lying alongside its dock, a huge hole torn in its side, hit by Navy dive-bombers. On another day, our S~4 (supply officer) announced that a small French vessel, laden down with an assortment of liqueurs, had been seized. He had traded most of it to a Navy officer in exchange for frozen sirloin steaks. Another officer and I broiled them out on Prince Murat's patio for the regimental staff. We did not let the steaks thaw out properly, so they were fine on the outside but rare on the inside. Nobody seemed to mind.

These few carefree days ended soon enough. The regiment received orders to up the Spanish Moroccan border to protect the very long supply line that led to Tunisia, where the Allies were engaged with Rommel's Afrika Corps. One battalion was left behind in Casablanca to serve as an honor guard for the Allied conference, headed by Roosevelt and Churchill, at which the famous "Unconditional Surrender" policy towards the Axis powers was announced.

After a long trip past Rabat and through the Atlas Mountains, our motor convoy arrived at the desolate desert village of Guercif in early December. It was a way station along the railroad line between Casablanca and Tunis. When you saw Arabs along the dusty highway that ran parallel to the railway, typically the man would be riding a donkey, his wife behind him on foot, burdened down under a huge pile of brushwood, and a camel or two plodding along, carrying their provisions. It was also headquarters for the "Groupe Mecanique, ler Regiment Etranger de Cavalerie", a unit of the famous French Foreign Legion.

We trained them in the use of modern American weapons, as many were still equipped with obsolete arms. The officers were a pretty wild bunch, coming from many different countries, even Russia. One night they invited us over for dinner at their officers' mess. We all got pretty well tanked before the evening was over. They gave us typed instructions on what to do in case of a fire... the answer being to



first secure the bottles in a safe place and then leave the hall in a dignified manner. We sang old songs like "Mademoiselle from Armentieres," and exchanged regimental insignia. Then we sang "Le Marseillaise" and staggered back to our bunks. It was a good thing that trouble did not break out along the border that night! I still have their program for the event, signed by several of the Foreign Legion officers, framed and on a bedroom wall.

Finally, in late December, my personnel section arrived from the States. I joined them near Rabat, as part of the Third Division Administration Center, a grouping of all combat unit personnel sections, the Adjutant General's Office, Finance, Judge Advocate General, A.P.O., and other support staffs. We lived and worked in tents located in a cork forest, the trees partially peeled of their bark, the slabs stacked along the road in great piles, waiting for their ultimate destiny, Such as corks in wine bottles. Arabs came to trade eggs for cigarettes. On the day we left, my warrant officer assistant traded a carton for a dozen eggs, but he had emptied it of cigarettes and stuffed it with paper to simulate the weight, his way of getting even for a batch of bad eggs. In mid-January I returned to the Regimental C.P. With my sergeant-major, the section having been split up by battalions so they could be closer to their units.

In February, Rommel struck with force against American troops in Tunisia, breaking through at the Kasserine Pass. Whole battalions were swallowed up. It was a disaster. Our regiment alone sent up 9 officers and 615 enlisted men, all volunteers, to the front lines as replacements. They left hurriedly by train, loaded in old "forty by eight" box cars (40 men or 8 horses). Colonel Rogers made sure that they would arrive prepared to fight, carrying their arms and ammunition. In the Army, weapons are part of organization equipment and should stay with the unit, but he made a very practical decision.

When replacements arrived from the states, he sent with me a supply officer to the Base Depot in Casablanca to requisition new weapons. He gave us a letter to the C.O., a Brigadier General whom he knew, to be used if needed. On the drive down, we stopped overnight at a British petrol dump, my sergeant-major driving the jeep. He rolled up his pants and placed them in the jeep for the night, sleeping alongside in his bed-roll. When he woke in the morning his pants were gone, stolen by an Arab. He had to drive all the way to Rabat in his shorts before we could find a U.S. supply depot that could help him.

After we reached Casablanca, the depot supply officer, a captain, refused to honor our requisition on the grounds that the weapons should have stayed with our units when the volunteers went up to the front. We went to see the Brigadier General, gave him Colonel Rogers's letter, and told him what the captain had said. He changed that captain's mind in a big hurry! The next day, after a wild night in Casablanca, we drove back to Guercif, assured by a docile captain that the weapons were being loaded on trucks for delivery in a few days.

On the drive back, we spent the night in the ancient city of Fez, high in the Atlas Mountains, staying at the Palais Jamais Hotel, a beautiful old Arab building with delicate columns surrounding its courtyard. Filigreed porticos revealed hidden gardens. Lovely decorated tiles covered walls and floors. At night, filtered light from hanging brass lanterns cast shadows across the courtyard, hinting of secrets that lay beyond. The supply officer and I shared a huge bedroom suite filled with white rattan furniture. Our driver, Sergeant Schwartz, had been assigned a room of his own.

That evening after dinner, we went for a tour of the Casbah with a native guide provided by the hotel. Schwartz came along as our bodyguard. We visited open stalls along narrow, crowded alleys, loaded with all kinds of wares – brass trays, leather slippers, woven textiles, wood carvings, as well as displays of spices, tea, nuts, and butchered meats. The smells were fascinating, and sometimes repulsive. The

Arab men wore turbans or red, cone-shaped, flat-crowned felt hats and loose, baggy clothes. Some wore wool burnouses (hooded cloaks) draped over their shoulders. The women wore long gowns, their faces partially hidden by black veils. Hawkers shouted at us as we passed, holding up their wares. We had mint tea in a bar, entered through an opened doorway strung with hanging beads. Finally, our guide led us to an old building at the end of one of the alleys and knocked on its huge wood-planked door.

A small iron window slid open, just large enough for a person to identify who was outside. It reminded me of a speakeasy I had gone to once in my freshman year in college. The Arab guide talked to the person inside, and then announced, in French, that we could not enter as the place had been taken over by an American Colonel. Just as we were about to leave, a voice shouted through the iron grill "Steve, what are you doing here?" The door swung open and I recognized a friend of mine from the Third Division Quartermaster Corps. They were having a birthday party for their C.O.. We were invited in, but when my friend saw Schwartz he said "Sorry, we can't have enlisted men in. The Colonel wouldn't allow it." I finally convinced him that Schwartz could sit in the dark hallway with the Arab guide, out of sight of the party-goers.

My friend led the supply officer and me to a long table at the back of a large room. An Arab orchestra was playing weird, discordant music from a small stand in front of the dance floor. Arab girls, in diaphanous gowns, were serving food and pouring wine. The Colonel sat at the head of the table, his staff officers lined up on both sides. We were introduced, wished him a happy birthday, and sat down at the far end. I could see that the Colonel was feeling pretty mellow. One of the girls was dancing to the music, her body swaying gracefully. As she passed by him, he reached out, trying to grab her, but she evaded him. "I want to see the dance of the seven veils," he shouted. "But without the veils." The Arab hostess came over and explained in French that the girls could not dance nude in front of the male orchestra, but that we could all move to a small room behind us, concealed from view, where the girls could perform as the Colonel wished.

So we all moved through a glass-beaded curtain and sat on hassocks placed around the walls. With the orchestra playing in the main hall, a girl entered nude, dancing rhythmically, her hands, arms and body gracefully interpreting the meaning of her dance. As one girl finished, another would enter. After we had been in the room for a while, I noticed one of the officers had a girl on his lap, one hand fondling a breast, the other stroking her thigh. Something was incongruous. The hand on her thigh was covered with a glove. "Why are you wearing a glove?" I asked. "Because I cut my finger today and I don't want to get syph," he replied.

At that point, we decided that it was time to leave. Saying goodbye to this sybaritic group, we picked up Schwartz and the Arab guide on the way out. Nothing was said by Schwartz until the next day, as he drove us back to Guercif. "God damn officer privileges!" I heard him mutter as we were leaving Fez.

When we arrived at the Regimental C.P., we reported to Colonel Rogers, explaining the trouble we had had with the depot supply officer at Casablanca and how his friend, the Brigadier General, had come to our rescue. "Thought you might need that letter," he said with a grin. "How was the rest of the trip?" "Fine, sir," I replied. "Nothing much happened to speak of," which was the truth, in a way.

There was nothing much to do in Guercif. The men found patrolling along the Spanish Moroccan border boring and they were restless living in tents neatly lined up in the desert. Some of the men traded C-rations for sex with young Arab girls, who came to the foxholes alongside the tents at night. The V.D. rate began to climb and Colonel Rogers was very upset about the trend. He ordered a parade ground inspection of the troops to lecture them about the problem. I remember the scene quite well, the

men lined up in front of their tents, the old man exhorting them, over a P.A. System, to think of their wives and sweethearts back home, their mothers and their sisters, and the terrible risk of venereal disease. When he finished, I heard a voice from somewhere back in the formation shout "You ought to try some of that stuff, Colonel. It's pretty good." There was a dead silence until the formation was dismissed. I don't know whatever happened, but thought the man might have been transferred up in the Kasserine Pass.

One night, the Regimental Staff officers were guests of the local Arab sheik for a couscous dinner, along with a few Foreign Legion officers. The sheik leaned over to me during Dinner and whispered in French, "When are you Americans going to kick the French out of here and make us one of your States?" I told him never. He wanted to know if it was true that Roosevelt was a Jew, a piece of propaganda that had been planted by the Nazis. I told him that it was a Dutch name, and that the family had lived in New York state for generations. That seemed to satisfy him, but it made me feel that Arabs could be quite devious.

In March, Martha Raye, a well-known Hollywood comedian, came to our remote location in Guercif to entertain the troops, as part of a U.S.O. troupe. There was a Signal Corps detachment directly behind our C.P. that was in charge of a flock of carrier pigeons. Just as she started to sing, they let the pigeons out of their cage. The birds circled high in the sky and then swooshed down over the small stage. As she brushed droppings from her jacket, she said, "This is the first time I've been dive-bombed by a bunch of pigeons!" Years later, I ran into her at a Lake Tahoe nightclub. She still remembered the event.

During this period, I made a trip to Oran to get the Regimental payroll - a huge stack of French paper money stuffed into a U.S. Postal Mail sack. When I had finished, two British Air Corps officers asked me to give them a lift back to their base, which I was glad to do. When we reached their camp, they gave me a fifth of scotch, which I shared with my fellow officers when I got back to Guercif - a couple of sips each. We did not get liquor rations then.

In April, we re-joined the Division at Arzew, near Oran, for intensive training before the invasion of Sicily. Our new Division Commander was Major General Lucien K. Truscott, who had been Eisenhower's observer at the fighting around the Kasserine Pass. He introduced five-mile an hour speed marches under full combat load, and combat exercises using live ammunition, including advancing behind artillery fire. It was tough, but he saved many lives by conditioning the men for actual combat.

By the end of April, we moved up to the Cape Bon Peninsula to help mop up remnants of Rommel's Africa Corps. They surrendered in early May, before we could be committed. I remember truckloads of tired, dusty German soldiers, their faces caked with grey desert sand, being hauled away to P.O.W. camps. Rommel escaped by plane to Germany. Many of his men thought he would return to drive us out of Africa.

The regiment now engaged in detailed preparations for the amphibious assault on Sicily. I wrote a letter to the family of a lieutenant killed during these maneuvers when a rocket launcher exploded, telling them that his personal effects were being forwarded through military channels. It was my first letter of condolence, but not my last.

We were located close to Lake Bizerte, Tunisia, in a cork forest near the sea. I made a trip to Constantine to pick up the regimental payroll and admired the ancient Roman aqueduct that arches high over the city. On a trip to Carthage, I traded a pack of cigarettes for a small Roman vase used for perfumed oils, offered by an Arab boy along the road. Gracefully shaped, it is one of my daughter's

favorite things.

German planes flew over Lake Bizerte at night from time to time. The anti-aircraft flack was pretty heavy, red tracer bullets streaming upward in necklaces of fire, searchlights probing to find the enemy. I watched one plane, caught in the beams of light, shot down by our guns. In the morning, while riding in a command car, I picked up two G.I.'s walking down the road with a German prisoner, who had parachuted through all the ack-ack fire. We delivered him to an M.P. station. The G.I.'s had been A.W.O.L. from their camp and wanted a note to their C.O. stating that they had captured a German, which I gave them.

## Sicily

On July 5, 1943, our regiment boarded landing craft for the assault on Sicily. These were newly-designed LCI's (landing craft, infantry), capable of loading a complete rifle company, and far superior to the small Higgins boats we had used at Fedala bay. There were also new ships for landing tanks and trucks, and other heavy equipment. The convoy sailed from Lake Bizerte into the Mediterranean Sea. We were now part of the newly-formed Seventh Army, under the command of General Patton. The Third Division was to attack at Licata, on the south coast of Sicily, and drive across the mountains to Palermo, then turn east along the coastal highway toward Messina. The British Eighth Army, under General Montgomery, would land on the southeast side of the island and drive to Messina. Patton was determined to get there first.

I was stuck in the cork forest at Lake Bizerte during the early stages of the Sicilian campaign. Battle casualty reports would filter back by returning ships. Reports were sketchy. There had been a severe storm during the crossing, but it lifted just before the landings on July 10. Casualties had been light - only 37 for the regiment. 920 prisoners had been taken. The Division had secured a beachhead eight by fifteen miles, and was driving toward Palermo. Our Third Battalion marched 54 miles in 33 hours during the final drive - a new record in combat marching.

Patton had ordered Truscott to hold a line just south of the city so he could enter with his beloved 2nd Armored Division, riding the lead tank, news reel cameras grinding. Truscott got permission to send in a reinforced patrol. It turned out to be a reinforced battalion. When Patton entered the city he found our Third Division men waving him on.

After Palermo had been taken, the Division was relieved for a rest while other units of Seventh Army drove down the narrow coastal road towards Messina. At that time I moved to Sicily with my Personnel Office. I remember loading up on trucks after we landed and driving past beautiful old Greek temples near Agrigento, standing among fields of ripening wheat, their tall columns golden from the setting sun. We took a rest break high in the mountains and I saw an Italian peasant coming down the road, leading a mule laden down with melons. It was very hot and dusty, so I asked him "Quanto lire por melone?" He replied, "Oh, give me a dime. I'm from Brooklyn." We bought lots of melons, quenching our thirst. I suppose he had been evicted from the States for some crime, probably bootlegging. We finally reached a bivouac area near Palermo, set up tents, and got back in business.

Shortly after, on July 31, the regiment was back in action on the coastal road to Messina. The Germans blew bridges and mined the roadway, fighting a fierce rear guard action as they withdrew toward their escape route across the Straits of Messina, only 3 miles to mainland Italy. Patton drove the troops at top speed in his haste to beat Montgomery. My friend, Major Fargo, as Exec. Officer, Second Battalion (my old outfit) was soon involved in two very dangerous and bold night landings behind enemy lines, one of which almost ended in disaster. But the Krauts were forced to withdraw. I, of course, was far to the rear, only getting occasional first-hand reports of the action. I remember one hand-written company morning report stating that a First Sergeant had been killed. We had set up controls to check all K.I.A. reports against hospital admission reports, and found that the man was alive, seriously wounded with head injuries. We traced his movement to a General Hospital in North Africa, and eventually to a "white ship" that would take him back to the States. When I finally let the C.O. know, he could hardly believe it. For its brilliant action on the two amphibious landings, the Second Battalion was awarded the Presidential Unit Citation.

On August 18, the 7th Infantry Regiment entered Messina, just ahead of the British. Patton was able to

welcome Montgomery on the steps of the town hall. I'm not sure what was said!

My regiment suffered 406 casualties, including 115 killed, during the 36 day Sicilian campaign over 210 miles of very rugged terrain in the heat of summer. It should be said that this was our first real encounter with German troops.

The Division moved to a rest area near Trapani, on the western tip of the island, a well earned respite. The men got caught up with their mail and back pay. Replacements arrived, and some of the wounded returned from hospitals. I was once again part of the Division Administration Center.

It was during this time that I became entranced by a beautiful blonde Sicilian girl, Rosanna di Napoli, daughter of a Princess, and niece of the Duke of Salaparuta, whose ancestral home was the Villa Valgaurnera, in Bagheria, just east of Palermo. I met her through my friend, Lynn Fargo, who had met the family when the Second Battalion liberated the Villa. He invited me to go with him to her cousin's house in the adjacent house village of Casteldachia, where he had a date with her sister. Rosanna was to be my blind date. She looked like Veronica Lake, a Hollywood starlet of the period, her blonde hair cascading down over one eye. I was a goner!

During the stay at Trapani, I visited the Villa often. It was a charming 18<sup>th</sup> century estate, situated on a hilltop overlooking the blue Tyrrhenian Sea. One entered the estate through large open wrought iron gates, driving up to a courtyard in front of the mansion. Beyond the entry, there was a domed reception hall. The painted ceiling, covered with clouds, blue sky and angels floating up to heaven, was cracked and water stained. Musty old tapestries of classical scenes hung from the walls. The red velvet upholstery on ornately carved and gilded high-backed chairs was badly worn. One had the feeling of past glories fading away. Down a corridor, past rooms unseen, there were French doors that led to a formal, yew-hedged garden with paths to a terrace overlooking orange and lemon groves on the hillside below. The scent of jasmine was in the air. Rosanna and I spent many hours there, always chaperoned.

Rosanna's mother, a widow, dressed in black. Her aunt dressed more elegantly as the matron of the Villa. I never saw the uncle. Sometimes I was invited to dinner—simple food: fish, spaghetti with tomato sauce, bread, wine, a small cake or fresh fruit. After dinner, Rosanna and I would stroll in the garden and smooch for long periods of time until a gentle cough from her mother would suggest that we cease.

One evening, Rosanna's aunt asked me if I was from a wealthy family. I said no, that my father and I shared a small rented apartment in San Francisco and were of modest means. She told me that Rosanna was used to great wealth, and that anyone seeking her hand in marriage should be aware of that fact. I thanked her, but it did not in any way affect how we felt about each other. When I became ill with yellow jaundice and was in the hospital in Palermo, Rosanna came to visit me. I remember the whistles and cat calls that came from G.I.s leaning out the windows as we strolled in the gardens below. From time to time, she gave me small souvenirs—an ancient Greek loom weight with a Gorgon face, some old coral cameo pieces, some of which I had made into a piece of jewelry for your mother, and a salt cellar and spoon. We spoke in French as I knew only a few words of Italian, and she knew little English. We understood each other by osmosis, but we both knew that it had to end.

On September 3, the Badoglio government of Italy surrendered to the Allies. On September 9, the U.S. Fifth Army, under the command of General Mark Clark, landed on the Italian mainland at Salerno, near Naples. They soon got bogged down under heavy German counterattacks. On September 16, the Third Division was rushed to the beachhead to help achieve a breakthrough. The fighting was very tough and

slow going, and it was some weeks before I learned that it was time to sail for the Italian mainland. Rosanna and her sister came down to the docks to see me off at night, driven by a Red Cross representative who was dating the sister. It was a sad parting. Later, she wrote me a letter in English, telling me how she felt as she watched the ships sail away into the darkness. She told me that we would decorate the Christmas tree together in Rome, where the family had an apartment.

As things turned out, I spend that Christmas in Pietravairano, south of Monte Cassino. I wrote several letters to Rosanna but never received a reply. Perhaps her aunt intercepted them. In any event, the romance ended. It was just as well. We had totally different backgrounds. Later in life, I read *The Leopard* and gained some understanding of that segment of Sicilian society. An article in the *New Yorker* gave even greater insight on the decline of the Sicilian nobility since World War II. Friends of ours have visited Bagheria in hopes of seeing the Villa. The gates were closed, the place badly run-down. Hemingway said, "Never go back." He was right.

Aside from my infatuation with Rosanna, I did explore a bit of Palermo and the countryside. Montreale Cathedral, high above the city, a masterpiece of Norman-Sicilian architecture, was a standout, with marvelous Byzantine mosaics of biblical scenes on the walls, heavily sandbagged for good reason. I bought a few Greek coins and ceramic pots, and a small bronzed figure of Poseidon that is probably a fake. Sicily is a strange island—great poverty and tremendous wealth. The Mafia is a terrible problem. It is a sad island but with a wonderful history of ancient civilizations—Phoenician, Greek, Roman, Norman, Moorish, Spanish, and Italian. The Greek city-states left their mark through beautiful temples and the finest coinage of the age.

## Italy

In October, 1943, I moved to the mainland of Italy, 60 miles or so north of the coastal town of Paestum, where we landed. My personnel section was located in a blackout tent in the ruins of a small village. The Regiment had crossed the Volturno River and was attacking Pietravairano, a key town along the highway that wound through the rugged spine of Italy. Colonel Rogers dropped by to see me en route to an Army hospital in Naples, thanking me for the support I had given him as Personnel Officer. Promoted to Brigadier General, he was transferred to the States. I would not see him again until after the War.

The Regiment, now under the command of Lt. Colonel McGarr, continued its drive up the rugged mountains towards Cassino. On October 28, Pietravairano fell. In early November, as part of a strong coordinated attack by the Division, the regiment captured and held Mt. Rotundo, a massive peak that dominated the valley leading to Cassino. The men were exhausted, after struggling through mud, sleet, and rain up steep, tree-covered slopes, often without food or water, engaging the Germans in hand-to-hand combat, and fighting off bitter counterattacks. Finally, after 59 days of uninterrupted fighting, the Regiment was relieved and sent to a rest center near me. Total casualties were 975, with 256 dead.

It was during this time that I remember a mud-covered, bearded sergeant coming through the flaps of our Personnel Section tent in Pietravairano. He stared at the clean-shaven, neatly dressed company clerks pecking away at their typewriters and yelled "Hello, you ball-bearing WACs!" It stopped everyone in their tracks. He walked down the center aisle to his company clerk, saying "I'm on a five day pass to Naples. Give me all my back pay. I'm going to need it!" He got his back pay, a clean new uniform, a long hot shower, a shave and a haircut, and then he boarded the truck for Naples, a gleam in his eye.

Some weeks later, I received an M.P. delinquency report from the Naples Base Area Command, charging a sergeant with drunk and disorderly conduct, being out of uniform, and failing to salute an officer. I sent the report to his C.O. and a reply to the Naples M.P. office saying that suitable disciplinary action had been taken, which was zero. I like to think that it was the same sergeant who stuck his head through our tent flaps that day with his refreshing greeting!

The regiment stayed in the Pietravairano area until December 31, in reserve, training for an assault across the Rapido River towards Cassino. During this period, I replaced Captain Saunders at Regimental Adjutant. This placed me at the regimental command post during combat, no longer stuck in the rear echelon (although a rifle company soldier would have called the regimental C.P. rear echelon, and to him it certainly was).

Suddenly, our mission was changed. We were trucked to Mad di Quarto, near the small port of Pozzuoli, just north of Naples, to get ready for the amphibious landings at Anzio, some 70 miles behind the enemy lines and about 25 miles south of Rome. This was to be four months of hell.

The Anzio landing idea was born in the head of Winston Churchill, frustrated by the slow, grinding pace of the Allied advance up the spine of Italy. He thought an aggressive end-run would force the Krauts to withdraw beyond Rome. Eisenhower doubted that we had sufficient strength to pull it off, but Churchill was insistent. General Mark Clark, the Fifth Army commander, was being called "Mark Time Clark" by the news media. Finally, it was agreed to send a landing force of one British Division plus our Division and a few special units to Anzio. A few LSTs (landing ship-tank), scheduled to go to England for the Normandy landings, would be held just long enough to bring limited reinforcements



from the Naples area to the beachhead after the landing.

The mission was to drive inland to cut Highway 7, along the coast, and Highway 6, the main road to Cassino, forcing the Germans to withdraw from their strong defensive line that lay across the mid-section of Italy. It was a brilliant idea, but grossly undermanned. The German General, Kesselring, had already anticipated an amphibious assault somewhere north or south of Rome. After all, he had seen two pretty good ones by the Second Battalion of my regiment along the north coast of Sicily. He had a code word to be used if there was a landing that would trigger the rapid deployment of troops from northern Italy and other areas to seal off and destroy an Allied force, no matter where it landed, which he came very close to doing.

Mad di Quarto was a small village, with a central square faced by shops on three sides and the Catholic church on the other. The troops were bivouacked on the outskirts, with the Regimental C.P. located in one of the buildings on the square. The men recuperated from their terrible ordeal in the mountains, got clean clothes, hot showers, and, more importantly, hot food. Mail from home was distributed and letters sent to loved ones. It was a time of healing of tired bodies and weary minds. It was also a time of intensive training for the amphibious landing at Anzio. In spite of it all, the men managed to find girls.

The V.D. rate started to climb sharply, reducing the combat effectiveness of the regiment. Colonel McGarr called me in to his office one day to review the Regimental Surgeon's report. "We must reverse this damnable trend," he told me. "I want you to get the three Battalion Surgeons to go down to Naples and find some clean whores. Set up a house at the end of the street and get it operating quickly. We'll need about seven girls to take care of 20 companies. That's about 7 passes per night for each company, or 20 men per girl. The men leave their dog-tags at the front door and get 'em back after they've had a prophylaxis from the medics when they leave through the back door. No lingering. And tell the Docs to inspect those girls real good... I don't want any surprises."

I did as he ordered. The Battalion Surgeons went down to Naples in a command car, followed by a truck, and returned in a few days with 7 certified, squeaky-clean girls. I set them up in small house at the end of the road with the help of the Regimental Special Services Officer. A medical aid station was put in place. Passes were issued. The 30<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regimental Whore House was open for business.

Almost immediately, I was visited by Regimental Chaplains, wanting to see the Colonel to protest the action. I sent them in to see him, and in a few minutes they came out of his office, obviously frustrated. As they left, the Catholic Chaplain told me that we would be preaching against the facility at the next Sunday service in the local church. I told him that he had every right to do so. I happened to see him crossing the town square after the service, and asked him how the sermon had gone. He said "well, I was doing just fine until I looked down at the front row and saw all seven of those girls. They came for Mass."

The V.D. rate dropped sharply. The Colonel was happy. We were at full strength when we sailed for Anzio. The subject never came up again, except that I was kidded a lot about running a whore house.

We boarded ships late in the day on January 20, sailing from the Naples area. Total blackout prevailed. I was on an LCI as part of the regimental command group. The next morning, under clear blue skies, as we were sailing northward along the western coast of Italy, a British destroyer rushed by the convoy. I heard a voice on a bull-horn, wishing up Godspeed on our journey. Later, I learned it was the voice of Admiral Sir Arthur Cunningham, Mediterranean Fleet Commander, cheering us on. For some reason,

no German planes attacked the convoy. At dusk, the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish Chaplains offered a brief prayer service for the men on board. I attended, and it was a very moving sight to see these three chaplains perform a common service of prayer to God for the protection of those about to land 70 miles behind enemy lines. Peril unites.

The landing went as smooth as glass at 0200 on January 22. I watched rockets roar off to unseen targets from a small ship on our starboard side, glowing red in the night sky and making a terrible swooshing sound as they disappeared from view. It was too dark to see the assault wave going in. Once again, it my old Second Battalion that led the way. When I went ashore at daybreak, I hardly got my feet wet. A guide led us to the C.P. I learned that casualties were very light. In that first day, the whole regiment only had two men wounded. Only a few Krauts were in the Cassino front. We could have sent patrols all the way to Rome. As daylight came, I could see the mountain range beyond the flat beachhead area and wondered how soon we would get to the high ground. It was a letter-perfect landing. All objectives for the first three days had been reached by the end of the first day.

General Lucas, the VI Corps Commander, made the decision to dig in. He was afraid that our lines would be extended so thinly if we went inland to the high ground that the Germans could easily penetrate our flanks with armor and roll us back into the sea. Kesselring, at the end of the way, stated that is exactly what would have happened. The mission was flawed. To cut the roads to the Cassino front, it was essential to reach the high ground and to withstand strong counterattacks. We simply did not have the reserve strength needed to take advantage of our initial surprise.

Eleven days after landing, Kesselring had assembled 98,000 troops on the Anzio front compared to about 92,000 of our own, based on official Fifth Army reports. We were now penned in, under the watchful eyes of the Germans, who controlled the high ground.

It may help if I describe briefly what the beachhead area was like. The Mussolini Canal, a wide, shallow irrigation ditch, served as our southern and eastern boundary. Maximum elevation of the terrain held was 220 feet above sea level. To the north lay the Colli Laziali, a dominating hill mass that split Highway 6 and 7. To the east, beyond the Canal, were the slopes of Monte Lepini, just in front of which lay Cisterna, a key town that straddled Highway 7 to the southern coast and led to Highway 6, the main road to Cassino. The flat terrain leading to the high ground was laced with deep drainage ditches, called "fossos", used by both sides to conceal attacking troops. The total beachhead, after it stabilized, was about ten miles deep and fifteen miles wide.

During the first few days, the Germans probed all along our dug-in positions, looking for weak spots, while they established their main line of resistance along a railroad line leading to Rome. Maurie Wyss, from the Birmingham days, was our Prisoner of War Interrogator, operating from our C.P. near the beach area. He would go out at night to question prisoners captured along our front lines. He identified the presence of the Hermann Goering Division and other crack German troops we had faced in Sicily and the southern front.

Nine days after the landing, General Lucas launched an attack on Cisterna. It failed. The Ranger Battalion, a special combat unit attached to our Division, was wiped out by well dug-in Germans on the outskirts of the town. Kesselring by now had 11 battalions from 7 of his Divisions along the Cisterna front. From February to March, it was a constant slugging match all along the front. From the Regimental C.P., I watched German air raids on the beachhead and ships off-shore. Sometimes they used small, remote-controlled robot planes carrying bombs they would guide to specific targets. I watched the robot planes flying overhead, rising and falling to avoid the intense ack-ack fire.

Sometimes at night, the sky would be aglow with red tracer bullets fired by ground troops trying to hit planes. You could actually hear the whistling noise of artillery shells, incoming and outgoing, over your head. There was no place on the beachhead that the Germans could not reach with artillery fire. To move in daylight was an invitation for a shelling.

On February 16, Hitler ordered the liquidation of the beachhead. The message was intercepted by the Allies, and Lucas ordered a 3-tiered line of defense, with great increases in automatic weapons and ammunition. The attack came down the Albano-Anzio road, which pointed like a dagger at the center of the beachhead, splitting the British and American defenders. The British were pushed back two miles. The American 1<sup>st</sup> Armored Division, which had recently arrived, and my regiment counterattacked on February 19-20, saving the beachhead. The Germans tried again on February 29, but failed when my regiment counterattacked and eliminated a 1500 yard salient they had driven into our lines. I remember hearing German automatic pistol fire coming closer to the C.P. every night during the peak of the attacks. Our rifle companies were down to 30 or 40 men. It was very nip-and-tuck. We needed replacements badly.

One night, I went down to the beach area to receive a group of replacements rushed up from Naples by ship. I interviewed each man in a black-out tent and assigned them as best I could to front line companies. They had all been rear echelon specialists: truck drivers, laundry technicians, bakers, all reclassified to basic riflemen by the General in charge of replacement depots throughout the Mediterranean Theatre of Operations. One man was a chaplain's clerk. I told him I would try to find a proper spot for him, but that he would have to go to a rifle company as a clerk to help straighten out morning reports for the acting commander, the first sergeant, as we had received no recent casualty reports. I found a place for him with one of our chaplains the next day, called the company to have him sent in to me, only to learn that he had been killed that morning, hit by an 88mm shell when he got out of his foxhole to warn two other replacements to get back into theirs. All three were killed. They had all been told not to get out of their foxholes during daylight. I confess I felt guilty about his death. I still have remorse about the event.

During the height of the German attacks, formations of American B-17 bombers from the Mediterranean Air Command flew low over the hills, dropping bombs on dug-in enemy artillery emplacements. The flak fire from anti-aircraft weapons formed black puffs of smoke under their wings. One day, I saw a B-17 hit and fall out of its tight formation. Only one parachute opened. One night, we received a warning that German paratroopers were going to drop behind our lines. Everyone was on alert. When I awoke from a deep sleep to hear guttural noises outside my tent, I slipped out, pistol in hand. It was only Maurie Wyss, calling his jeep driver to take him up to one of the battalions to interrogate prisoners. We used to kid about that after the war.

The Germans tried one more time to break through our lines between February 29 and March 2, but they failed. When the danger had passed, I was glad to see one of my fraternity brothers from the University of California, Bob Farrell, who had fought through Fedala, Sicily, southern Italy and the Anzio onslaught as a rifle company officer, sent back to the States to train officer candidates at Fort Benning. He was one of a small group of officers I saw at the beach area, ready to board an LST for Naples. They all deserved respite from their terrible ordeals. Both sides then entered a stalemate period until we broke through their lines on May 22 and pushed on into Rome.

During this interregnum, to boost officer morale, the 5<sup>th</sup> Army decided to ship some "bathtub gin," made in Naples, up to the beachhead. I got a call from the Division to pick up a huge wicker-wrapped demijohn down at the beach and get the gin distributed in some equitable fashion. I had each company

send in an empty five-gallon water can with their order, based on allotments by liter.

I told my sergeant to get an empty whiskey bottle from a warrant officer on regimental staff who had ordered some of the gin so we could use it to fill orders for each of the companies. The trouble was he gave us a quart bottle instead of a liter bottle so we short-changed every order. When we were through filling the water cans, I told the sergeant to deliver the demijohn to the warrant officer. The companies picked up their water cans and it was only an hour or so before I got a call from Anti-Tank Company that we had short-changed them. They had obtained a liter measure from the medics and measured out what had been received. It took a few minutes for the truth to sink in. I sent the sergeant back to retrieve the demijohn, but it was too late. He came back to report that the demijohn was empty and that the warrant officer had passed out under a tree.

At this time, Major General John W. "Iron Mike" O'Daniel, who had replaced General Truscott when he took Lucas's place as Corps Commander, ordered that a two day rest camp be set up for all the front line troops after the Division was relieved. With the help of our Special Services Officer, I set up the camp for our regiment in a wooded area down near the beach. The men got showers, clean clothes, haircuts, hot meals, and a chance to read mail and write letters home. General O'Daniel was a gruff, tough veteran of World War I, with a scar on his cheek from machine gun fire in that war, and a hell of a fine commander. He was also a driver.

During this lull, both sides tried to infiltrate each other's positions, strongly defended with barbed wire, minefields and automatic weapons. Limited objective attacks and raids into enemy territory were ordered by "Iron Mike" to harass the enemy and to foster the offensive spirit. Some of these attacks resulted in ferocious fighting for small hunks of land, with heavy casualties on both sides. On one occasion I was sent to one of the battalions to deliver an attack order. It was daylight and the jeep driver was going down the exposed road real fast. Just after we crossed a small concrete bridge, I heard a bang and turned my head to see a puff of smoke rise from the bridge, hit, I guess, by an 88mm shell. The jeep driver drove even faster on the way back.

At the end of April, the regiment was relieved and went to a pine grove near the beach for rest and recuperation. I remember talking with Colonel McGarr just after the regiment came out of the front lines. He was very tired and, I think, frustrated by the constant pressure from "Iron Mike" to drive harder, to capture more ground, to push the men beyond their limits when he knew they were exhausted. He shook his head and said, "I'm doing everything I can, but it's not good enough. He wants more."

In May, we prepared for the final assault on German positions to break out of the beachhead and advance toward Rome. There had been a very well concealed major build-up of Allied forces, brought into the beachhead at night. The rest and recuperation of the original combat units, with needed replacements, made them ready for the big push. During this period, General O'Daniel experimented with various ways to facilitate the breakthrough. He ordered battle sleds made out of narrow steel tubes, cut in half to hold one rifleman. One medium tank towed 12 sleds, six in the tread of each tank. The idea was to get the infantrymen through enemy fire until they were close enough to rush the enemy positions. The concept was tried, but the sleds kept tipping over. All kinds of innovations were tried. We all just wanted to get out of that place!

The Germans were not idle. One night, while we were down at the pine grove, they fired one of their huge 280mm artillery shells, known as the "Anzio Express" into our C.P. area. It landed fairly close to where I was sleeping but did not explode. In the morning I went to look at the huge hole. The soil was

really sand, so perhaps that's why it didn't explode, or it might have been a dud. In any event, we were lucky. The concussion alone could have killed us all.

On May 21, we moved out of the pine grove, screened by smoke laid down to conceal the advance from the enemy. Our regiment was to make the main effort to break out of the beachhead. General Truscott, our Corps Commander, wanted to drive past Cisterna, cut the main road to Cassino (Highway 6), and destroy the enemy forces withdrawing from the southern front. This was the announced plan of General Alexander, the British Commander of the Italian campaign. But Mark Clark, the Fifth Army Commander, had a different agenda. He wanted to be known as the "Liberator of Rome." The British forces were on our left, in better position to get there first. He would not let that happen. His intent is clear in a message to the Officers and Men of the Fifth Army included as a forward to the official Fifth Army booklet, "Road to Rome," which I have. Quote: "You have been privileged to make history. You have taken the Eternal City. You have done what the forces of the famous Carthaginian, Hannibal, failed to do. You captured Rome from the south." And let the bulk of the German forces withdraw beyond Rome to fight another day.

On May 23, we attacked Cisterna, but instead of continuing across to Highway 6, we were ordered to wheel north, up Highway 7 and rush to Rome. By May 26, the Division was in rapid pursuit of the enemy. I received a call from Colonel McGarr to come forward from the C.P. with the S-2 and meet him on the outskirts of Cori, a prominent hill town. We left by jeep. Shortly after noon, as we were rounding a curve in the road near Cori, we were dive-bombed by dive U.S. P-40's. More than 100 men were killed or wounded in the attack. I remember a soldier sitting in back of a half-ton truck in front of our jeep shouting "Here they come," and diving out of the truck into a ditch alongside the road. I dove, too, getting as low into the shallow ditch as I could. I felt a terrible blow to my back, as if someone had hit me with a baseball bat. Around me, I could hear soldiers moaning. I looked up and saw one man lying still, with a hole in his helmet. I crawled up the side of the bank along the road, trying to get away. When I reached the top, I lay down on the ground. A medic found me, treated my wound, and led me to an ambulance that was in a quarry nearby. The S-2, who had been hit slightly, came with me. The quarry was filled with soldiers who had sought refuge from the bombing. Shortly after I arrived, a fleet of B-17's flew overhead, on their way to distant targets. Just seeing those planes was enough to start a stampede up the walls of the quarry. I'll admit I started to do the same, but the S-2 stopped me.

How did the P-40's make such a dreadful mistake? Well, we were moving fast. The road was cluttered with burned out German tanks, self-propelled weapons carriers, and trucks. American soldiers were marching along the road. The pilots were probably looking for targets of opportunity, not knowing we had advanced so far. They should have buzzed us to make sure. General O'Daniel complained to the Fifth Army, and I understand that there was an investigation made. Small comfort to the dead.

I climbed in the ambulance with other wounded men, I had no idea of the extent of my wounds, only that I had been hit in the back by bomb fragments. We were taken to a battalion aid station, where I was patched up and placed on a litter. Later, I was taken to the evacuation hospital back near the beach. I was in shock, I guess, as I could not urinate. An orderly gave me a catheter, to my great relief. They operated on me that night, and the next morning I was a plane en route to a General Hospital in Naples, where they removed bomb fragments from my exterior chest wall. I remained at the hospital about 30 days. The regiment was in Rome as garrison troops for the city, and sent a jeep to pick me up when I was discharged. When I arrived at the C.P. everyone was packing up, moving back to Pozzuoli to get ready for the invasion of Southern France. Colonel McGarr was nice enough to give me a three-day pass to see Rome before re-joining my outfit.

I saw the Vatican, marveling at the statue of Michelangelo's Pieta and the glorious interior of the cathedral. Rome had been essentially spared. I looked at ancient sites: the Coliseum, the Roman Forum, and other historic buildings that made me think about the rise and fall of the Roman Empire. I bought a few artifacts of the period in an antique shop, went to one party where there were local beauties, and then headed back to the Naples area.

Rome had been liberated on June 5. On June 6, the Allies landed at Normandy. On June 16, our Division was in the Naples area, getting ready for the invasion of Southern France. I re-joined my regiment on June 20.

Regimental casualties for the Anzio-Rome adventure totaled 2,851, of whom 25% were killed. It was one of the bloodiest struggles of the war.

A few days after I had returned to my duties as Regimental Adjutant, I was told that the Division Adjutant General was being returned to the States because of a serious illness, and that the Division wanted me to take his place. So, still a Captain, and on the eve of a major amphibious landing, I was suddenly in charge of the Division Administration Center. During the next few weeks, I learned as fast as I could about my new duties, I had line responsibility for the Adjutant General's Office. All Division administrative orders were prepared and published by that office, including assignments, transfers, promotions, battle casualty reports, awards, etc. I also had housekeeping responsibility for all personnel units and other Division Staff administrative sections, such as the Finance Office, the Judge Advocate General's Office, etc. When we moved as a unit, it was my job to see that they were all properly set up and functioning.

I had a lot of support from the team already in place. We managed to devise a system to relieve the individual combat units from preparing boarding lists for the troop ships they would be on, saving them a lot of time. For this and other actions, I was later awarded a Bronze Star. On August 2, 1944, I was promoted to Major. The build-up of ships and supplies in the harbors around Naples were clear evidence that a large undertaking was underway. I was issued a pass to the "Block House" in Naples, where all the secret plans of the Seventh Army were being developed for the landing. Strict security measures prevailed. You could feel the tension building. The Allies were breaking out of the Normandy beaches, pushing the Germans toward Paris. We would soon be coming up from the south of France to join them. The feeling was that this truly was the beginning of the end.

## France

On the evening of August 12, we set sail for southern France. I was on the alternate command ship for the Division. As the long convoy stretched out to sea off the port of Naples a small launch came by our LST, a figure standing in front, one hand raised high to show the V for Victory sign, the other hand holding a cigar. It was Winston Churchill. He had come to Italy to confer with the new government, but couldn't resist taking some time off to wish us well. It was a tremendous thrill to see the old man who had done so much to arouse the free world about Hitler. I shall always cherish the sight.

The Division was part of VI Corps, still under the command of Truscott. We were now part of the Seventh Army, commanded by Major General Patch. D-day was August 15. The Germans knew we were coming, but not where. Long after the war, reading a spy story, I learned that a clever ruse had fooled them into believing that we would land near Marseilles, where they deployed their best troops. The body of a dead Allied pilot, with fake landing papers, had been dumped into the sea at night so the tides would wash it ashore. There it was discovered and the papers taken to the German high command. They fell for it.

En route to the beachhead, I got acquainted with the French liaison officer assigned to our division, Jean Pierre Aumont, a well-known Hollywood movie actor. As we approached the landing site at St. Tropez, I found him on deck, reading the Bible. He was a very nice, quiet person. After the war, I visited him at his home in Beverly Hills with another officer. He was most cordial.

The landings on the shores of southern France were letter-perfect. By noon, under blue skies, almost all units were on the initial beachhead objective. I saw no enemy planes. By D-plus-one, we were 20 miles inland, a far cry from Anzio. Resistance was light, thanks to use of makeshift troops by the Germans. We had broken through a very thin crust. It was now a drive up the Rhone Valley against retreating Germans trying to link up with their forces withdrawing from Normandy. The French Resistance Forces (FFI) was constantly harassing the Germans, as were Allied dive-bombers. Movement and attack orders were issued verbally to keep the momentum going. Speed was the essence of the strategy. Whole convoys of burned out German trucks, armored vehicles, personnel carriers, and artillery pieces littered the roads as we leap-frogged forward 50, 100, 150 miles at a crack.

I was able to send the first battle casualty reports from any Division in VI Corps by rushing them to the beach by jeep, where they were then carried by ship to the rear echelon headquarters in Naples. Our advance this time was a startling change from the slow grind up the spine of Italy from Salerno to Monte Rotundo and the trench warfare of the Anzio beachhead. We had gone 400 miles in 26 days. The Division rear echelon finally arrived after the town of Besancon was liberated on September 8. I set up the Administration Center in the offices of a watch factory. We were finally able to operate as a team once more.

When we reached Luxeuil-les-Bains, I set up the Ad Center in a school building, where I met Henri Vogel, a teacher who offered to act as an interpreter. Considering my fractured French, I thought that was a good idea. I met his family, including his parents, when he invited me to dinner. He explained that his parents had had to change their official language three times, depending on whether France or Germany controlled Alsace-Lorraine. Henri swore that he would move his family to the south of France after the war, which is what he did, settling in Cannes. We have exchanged Christmas cards ever since.

We were now at the approaches to the Vosges Mountains. Beyond lay Strasbourg and the Rhine.

Everywhere we went, through villages and towns, people turned out in droves, waving flags, tossing flowers, and passing out wine. Bill Mauldin, the great cartoonist of World War II, was in Grenoble on August 25, with an advance group from the Stars and Stripes newspaper. They commandeered a local print shop and put out a hand-made issue, a copy of which I saved. The cartoon shows a young G.I. walking through the town with Willie or Joe, his two main characters. He's freckle-faced and wearing glasses. Everyone on the street or hanging out of windows is freckle-faced and wearing glasses. The caption reads "This is the town my pappy told me about!"

The fighting intensified as we entered the Vosges Mountains. Germany lay just beyond the Rhine River and the Krauts were struggling to stop the Allied advance. On September 23, one of the officers who had reported for duty with me on March 5, 1941 back at the Presidio of San Francisco, Hugh McKenzie, was killed when his jeep hit a mine as it pulled off the road to reach a grove of trees he had chosen for a Battalion Command Post. I was told that his body was blown forty feet in the air. Mac was a person I always thought would survive combat, but death is a random event, even in war. I wrote a letter to his widow, not easy to do. Another friend from the early days, Charlie Swanberg, was killed a German artillery shell as he stood at a road crossing, waiting for his battalion to move up to the front. For some years, I corresponded with his mother. He was her only son.

When St. Die was liberated in mid-November, the Ad Center was placed in a lovely old chateau that lay to the south, across the Meurthe River. The city had been torched by the retreating Germans. Our Division had moved beyond it, into the mountains, and was advancing toward Strasbourg. It was winter, heavy snow weighing down branches of tall trees. One day, a small boy came to the chateau seeking permission to take laundry for his mother to wash. Her husband had been taken away by the Germans as forced labor, as had many of the men of the city, and she needed money to buy food for the family. One of the maids for the baroness, who lived on the top floor of the chateau, tried to shoo him away, but I interceded, writing him a pass to collect and deliver laundry for the officers and men of the Ad Center. He came often, with his brother, and invited me to dinner with his family. They were simple folk, living in a small cottage not far from the chateau. His father had worked for a local factory. The mother was a pleasant woman, the children polite and clean.

Alex, as the boy was called, was a bright youngster, about thirteen. One day, he took me on a walking tour of the burned out city. He told me that St. Die was known as "The birthplace of America" because an ancient order of monks had produced a map of the New World in 1507, naming it, for the first time, America, after Amerigo Vespucci, an early explorer. The building housing mementoes of the event had been one of the first to be torched by the Germans. We visited the ancient Romanesque and Gothic cathedral, dynamited by the Krauts for now reason. He led me past the charred ruins of buildings up a road to a small cemetery, where he showed me the grave of an American soldier buried by the Germans, his dog-tags hanging from a crude wooden cross. I took the information down and sent it on to higher headquarters, so the body could be moved to an American Military Cemetery and the next of kin notified.

Walking back to the chateau with Alex, I couldn't help but think of the German brutality in destroying the city and in taking all the able-bodied males away as forced labor. After the way, I learned that a high-ranking S.S. General, fleeing Paris, had ordered the destruction of St. Die because it was a center for the French civilian guerrilla forces known as the Maquis. So was all of France!

One day, I asked Alex what he wanted to be when he grew up – a doctor, lawyer, engineer, or what. He replied, saying "Oh that is only for the very rich. I shall work in the factory like my father." When I mentioned this to the Baroness one evening over a glass of Eau de Vie, I expressed my surprise. She



said, “Peasants are happier in the fields or factories, a farm girl is happier milking cows than playing the piano.” She had lost her husband in World War I and her son in this one, fighting with the Maquis near Grenoble as we advanced from the south. I told her that France had lost its best blood in two wars, and that I hoped that bright youngsters like Alex would be selected for higher education and professional careers. She smiled and sipped her Eau de Vie.

Finally, Strasbourg was liberated in early December. The Ad Center moved to the outskirts of the city. I said goodbye to Alex and his family, telling him that he was “mon petite frère.” For many years, I corresponded with him, sending a small wedding present when he got married. After a while, he stopped writing. I think it was because, in my mind’s eye, I never let him grow up, always recalling the brief interlude we shared in St. Die so many years ago. I could not read his letters in French very well, and wrote to him in my poor version – so he gave up. I don’t blame him. There was something about Alex – a freshness of youth – that made up for the brutality of war that I had witnessed, and which made me feel that there was hope for the future.

In our drive through the Vosges Mountains, we had left a huge pocket south of Strasbourg and east of the mountains, along the Rhine River. It was essentially flat farm land, with small villages, except for the large city of Colmar. The French 2<sup>nd</sup> Armored Division was supposed to clear out the Colmar pocket, but the Germans were too strongly entrenched. On December 13, our Division was sent back into the lines to help. While I was enjoying an occasional party at the Strasbourg Officers Club, overlooking the Rhine, the Division combat troops were fighting very tough battles to the south. On December 16, to the north of Strasbourg, the 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> Panzer Divisions of Field Marshall Von Rundstedt launched a massive counter-attack that became known as the Battle of the Bulge. The battle around Colmar was fought in deep snow and very cold weather. Houses in the village were used as strong points by both sides. Trench foot and frostbite took their toll on troop strength. It was during this period that “Iron Mike” learned of the death of his son during parachute landings over Holland. He spent the day going to foxholes in the front lines, talking to G.I.’s. His son was an enlisted man.

On January 22, led by the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division, a major offensive was launched against Colmar. The Krauts counterattacked with tanks and infantry. The carnage was heavy, as our own armor could not get across local rivers due to blown bridges. Audie Murphy became a national hero during this battle. Standing on top of a burning tank destroyer, fully exposed, he raked the enemy with machine gun fire. German tanks, artillery and small arms fire concentrated on him, but he kept on firing, killing or wounding at least 35 of the enemy in an hour. He was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his valor. I cite this one incident only to give you some idea of what the individual front line soldier had to face in combat. There are incredible tales of bravery and selflessness of the individual told in the regimental and division histories throughout the war, hard to believe but true. What motivates these men in hard to understand. The bonding of men in situation of great danger is part of it, but there must be something else that drives them to accept total exposure to death against such odds.

On February 6, the Colmar pocket was finally wiped out. The Division won a Presidential Unit Citation, and the French awarded it the Croix de Guerre. All members of the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division are entitled to wear these awards. The French award is the “fouragerre” cord on my Eisenhower jacket. Total battle casualties were 2050, including 317 K.I.A.’s. After 188 days of continuous contact with the enemy, we were placed in Supreme Headquarters Allied Expeditionary Force (SHAEF) reserve near Nancy for much needed rest and rehabilitation. The next step would be across the Rhine.

## Germany – and Home

On March 15, we were back in action. By the 17<sup>th</sup>, we were attacking the Siegfried Line, a series of concrete “dragon’s teeth” anti-tank obstacles, pillboxes, mines and other defensive fortifications intended to stop an invasion of Germany. By the 20<sup>th</sup>, we had broken through the line at Zweibrücken. It was clear that the Germans were on the run. The Ad Center was moved to Bad Kissingen, a resort town, with many hotels converted to hospitals by the Germans. We gave the German citizens 24 hours to turn in any dangerous weapons. I spotted a huge pile of them alongside a road – old firearms, suits of armor, spears, and hunting rifles. The army engineers were getting ready to dump them all into a river. I got out of my jeep and managed to salvage an old Arabian rifle, with silver and ivory decoration, a target rifle with carved deer on its stock, and an old blunderbuss, which I managed to ship home by squeezing them into a U.S. postal mail sack.

On April 1, I was promoted to Lt. Colonel. On April 20 (Hitler’s birthday), the 2<sup>nd</sup> Battalion, 30<sup>th</sup> Infantry (my old outfit) reached the Adolph Hitler Platz in Nuremberg. I was flown down in a Piper Cub to pick out a location for the Ad Center, coming back in a freak snowstorm that forced the pilot to fly low, following a railroad line to get to Bad Kissingen. I could see tree tops and an occasional church spire as we flew home. We had a couple of shots of cognac after we landed.

After the Ad Center moved to Nuremberg I visited the Zeppelfeld Stadium, where Hitler had his big rallies with Nazi storm troopers. I took a picture of the huge Swastika that dominated the stadium. We kept moving pretty fast. By April 30, Munich fell and the Ad Center was moved into a school building. My jeep driver went scrounging and came back with a case of Lowenbrau beer. Even though lukewarm, the beer was delicious.

It was during this time that I saw prisoners from the Dachau concentration camp wandering around in their striped clothing, emaciated human skeletons, but free at last. They looked so forlorn and bewildered. We knew very little about Hitler’s solution to the Jewish problem at the time, and as the stories broke about the gas chambers and death camps we were stunned. By May 4, Salzburg, Austria, fell. On May 5, the Division liberated Hitler’s chalet, “Der Berghof Obersalzburg,” at Berchtesgaden. On May 7, 1945, the Germans surrendered to General Eisenhower. The war in Europe was over.

The Ad Center was located in a camouflaged schoolhouse along the river in Salzburg at the time of the surrender. It had been used by the German High Command. I picked up an empty envelope on the floor of my office when I entered. It was addressed to Reichsführer-SS und Chef der Deutschen Polizei Reichsinnenminister Heinrich Himmler. I kept it as a souvenir.

During our stay in Salzburg, I shared quarters with the Judge Advocate General and the Finance Officer. When the 7<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment seized Hitler’s burned out chalet in Berchtesgaden, they rushed down in a jeep to participate in the souvenir hunting. There was a tunnel in the mountain leading to an elevator that carried Hitler to his private retreat, the “Eyerie,” at the very top of the mountain. Off the tunnel were storerooms loaded with all kinds of stuff... sets of solid silverware were carried out by G.I.’s who dumped the cases because they were too heavy to carry. Colonel Grimes, the Finance Officer, gave me a small serrated knife with A.H. engraved on the handle, which I still have. Later, I went to see Hitler’s house, on the side of the mountain, badly damaged by bombing. I stood on the huge window ledge overlooking the beautiful valley below. A British officer standing next to me said “I say, how could a man with a view like this ever start such a bloody war.”

The Division headquarters were located in Schloss Klessheim, a magnificent Hapsburg country estate

where Hitler entertained important guests like Mussolini. General O'Daniel threw a big party for his staff officers one night. I took an Army nurse I had been dating. There was an elegant dinner in the crystal-chandeliered dining room and dancing in the ballroom. A great way to celebrate V.E. Day!

Of the original 30<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regimental Landing Group of 224 officers and 5,021 men that landed at Fedala, French Morocco on November 8, 1942, only 32 officers and 498 enlisted men were still active members when the war ended. This will give you some idea of the attrition suffered.

One very memorable event for me was to serve with General O'Daniel in a ceremony honoring all the Third Infantry Division officers and men who had survived since the landing at Fedala Bay. As Adjutant General, it was my job to give the order for the formation to pass in review. I was standing two paces from "Iron Mike" and could see his face out of the corner of my eye. As the troops marched by, one or two tears trickled down his scarred, leathery cheek. He was a tough old soldier, with a face only a mother love, but he cared for his men and they know it. The Division band played his favorite song, written by men of the Third Division, "I'm just a dog-face soldier with a rifle on my shoulder and I eat a Kraut for breakfast every day." Long after the way, when I was at Ampex, and now a Lieut. General, he called me just to say hello from the Letterman General Hospital at the Presidio of San Francisco, where he had been visiting Brigadier General Rogers, my old regimental commander.

Shortly after the war ended, we moved to Bad Wildungen, in northern Germany, as part of the occupation forces. One of my main tasks was to organize the deployment of "high point" men back to the States. These were men who had 85 or more credit points for time served overseas. I had 135 points but was asked to stay until the cut-off level of my 85 had been reached. During this period, I was awarded my second Bronze Star and invited to submit an article for publication in the "Military Review," a magazine printed by the Command and Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The article, titled "The Administrative Center Comes into Its Town," was accepted and appeared in their August, 1946 issue, for which I receive a \$25 honorarium while at the Harvard Business School.

I went to Paris on a three day pass, visiting the Louvre and other historic sites, and bought a few souvenirs, including an old map of Morocco of the 16<sup>th</sup> century (to remind me of the Fedala landing), and a re-strike of a Renoir print of his small son. I applied for a course offered by the Sorbonne University on French language and civilization, and was accepted, but before the course started I was ordered to report by first available aircraft to the Pentagon to serve on the Adjutant General's staff. I flew from Paris to New York in a "bucket seat" plane, landing at La Guardia, where I drank my first glass of milk in over three years, courtesy of the Red Cross. I was sent home for thirty days rest and recuperation, where I had a wonderful visit with Pom-Pom, my brother, Sherm, home from his Navy service, and old friends. My older brother, Harry, was still on active duty with the Air Corps in Okinawa.

The train ride across the country from New York to Oakland was a truly memorable event, the cars crammed with soldiers and a few nurses eager to get home to their loved ones. The train would stop at large and small towns across America, happy crowds welcoming their heroes. Mothers, fathers, wives, sweethearts, sons and daughters embraced them in tears of happiness. You could see the anticipation in their eyes as the train slowed down to let them off. It was truly a moving sight. I remember my own feelings as the train rolled across the vast plains, past rich farmlands and dry prairies, and I began to realize what a glorious country I lived in. Most of all, I remember the joy that I felt as the train slowly ascended into the Sierra Nevada Mountains and then dropped down into the central valley of California, heading for home. I was misty-eyed by the time I saw San Francisco Bay. Dad met me at the Oakland station, along with members of the family. In his own inimitable style, he had hired a long

black limousine to drive us across the Bay Bridge to his small apartment on Nob Hill. All I could say was "Home at last!"

After my 30 days of R&R were over, I reported to the Pentagon. I told the officer who had requested me that I had no plans to stay in the Army. He had been on VI Corps staff and I had dealt with him on Adjutant General matters from time to time. He understood my decision, but it took a couple of weeks to get discharged. While in Washington, I had a happy reunion with my old mentor and friend, Lynn D. Fargo, now a Lt. Colonel and on the Pentagon staff. We sang the Third Division song on a bandstand at the Statler Hotel in front of a happy crowd. He stayed in the regular army, retired to Texas, and passed away recently. A great little guy!

The Third Infantry Division, with a combat strength of 14,037 when the war began, suffered 33,500 casualties, including 6,571 killed in action. A war correspondent, Henry J. Taylor, writing in October, 1945 overseas service edition of "Redbook" magazine, states "The Third battled through more campaigns, covered more territory, made more amphibious assaults, and received more individual decorations for its men than any other American Division in World War II."

-The End-

Stephen J. Rogers  
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